IN THE NIGHT. There is no silence absolute, it seems;
Lying awake in the "wee hours," I heard,
Last night, the numbed nestling of a bird,
And a low semi-chirp, as if in dreams.
By midnight breezes and the stars' soft beams,
Its little music-loving soul was stirred
To impulses of song; the insects chirred
Their lazy lays, soft as the speech of streams;
Anon I heard a dog's lone, eerie bark
Re-echoing against a distant hill;
And off along the farther rim of dark
The dulect ditty of a whippoorwill
Trembled across the stilly guifs of night,
And filled my heart with transports of delight! saline E. Jones in The Boston Transcript

## THE FAT MAN WITH THE THIN FACE.

"COCKAIGNE" IN THE SAN FRANCISCO ARGO-NAUT.

Westerfeldt appeared to know everybody on board, and he was never tired of introducing some man to me, or me to some new young lady. His gay, unrestrained manner made him popular with every one. He was the life of the dinner table, and it is a question which were in greater demand, his stories in the smoking-room by the men, or his songs (which he sang in a fine tenor volce) in the saloon by the women. I said he was popular and a favorite with every one in the ship. And he was—with one exception. This exception was a young New-York doctor, named Appleton, a quiet, unobtrusive young fellow, as different from Westerfeldt as chalk from cheese. There happened to be on board the ship a certain dashing New-York belle. There were scores of beauties from the different cities, cast very much in the same mould, to an English eye; but this Miss Blanche Croker seemed to echipse them all. She was travelling with her mother, a middleaged lady, who, by the bye, did considerable firting on her own account, and the daughter was a fair sample of American girls to be met with in dozens on the Continent during the summer. It appeared that Appleton had had the two ladies, mother and daughter, put under his charge for the woyage by some male relative in New-York, and while performing the duties of custodian and escort, he had become an admirer of the young lady. At all events, his attentions were more marked and partook of more "eye-making" than mere looking after demanded. Westerfeldt, who was a "masher," in the full sense of the American acceptation of the slang, seemed to have time to smile upon every woman on board in turu, and in the course of each day Miss Croker came in for her share of his attention. For Westerfeldt she showed a decided preference, while Appleton's tender speeches and exigeant politeness were received with indifference. It did not take Appleton long to see this, and naturally a man turns against a successful rival. At least, so I inferred was the case from a short conversation we had one morning. We were sit

Shaughnessy or O'Rafferty, and a man with it is upt to be taken for a scion of one of the Knickerbocker families of Manhattan Island, don't you lee? A man may call himself what he likes."

"But he's got no brogue," I persisted, still unatisfied. "He talks just like an American."

"No, he doesn't," said Appleton. "You think to, of course; but we Americans can detect the lifterence. He's like thousands of others who tome to America and live long enough there to acquire a certain semblance of American ways and manners, and get rid of their brogue. Abroad he'd pass for a genuine Yankee, I dare say, and be actredited with the possession of the 'American actent,' as the English papers call at: but an American would catch him out in a minute."

tredited with the possession of the 'American actent,' as the English papers call it; but an American would catch him out in a minute."

"I confess," said I, "I can't see in what way his manner of speaking differs from that of any American I ever met."

"Perhaps not. But it does, all the same. Now, the least of the least time he says 'Ah.' Now, you watch and notice the next time he says it, and see if it isn't flat in tone. "We don't rall it 'Aw,' as you do in England, but we prohounce it quite differently from the way they do in Ireland. There are cords of other things, but that one is quite enough to satisfy me. We may 'guess' and 'reckon' every three minutes, and say why, certainly,' and 'once in a while,' and all the other expressions which foreigners think the American people live upon, but he can't take away the effect of his 'Ah.'"

"But what could be his object in passing for an American?" said I, still unconvinced by what teemed to me a very weak explanation.

"Oh, that I can't tell you," replied Appleton.

But that he has some reason for it you may depend. He's too wide-awake a chap not to have some motive for whatever he does. There's something fishy about the fellow, I feel certain. And, look here. Have you ever noticed that he never takes off his left-hand glove—not even at his meals?"

"Ah, yes he does," said I; "that is, he wears a glove without fingers at his meals."

Ah, yes he does," said I; "that is, he wears

"Ah, yes he does," said I; "that is, he wears a glove without fingers at his meals."

"Of course," retorted Appleton, nodding his head knowingly. "Now, what is that for?"

"I den't know, I'm sure," I replied, rather out of patience at the man for making so much of triffes. "To keep his hand warm, perhaps. He says he's sprained one of his knuckles."

"Oh, that's too thin," shouted Appleton. "You don't wear a glove for a sprain. Sprains don't show. No, sir: it's my belief that fellow's been hranded on that hand."

"Oh, come, now," said I warmly, "I think you are rather overdoing it. I confess I didn't take to Westerfelt myself, at first; but it was only an empty prejudice that a man should be ashamed of retaining when he is satisfied there is nothing to base it upon. I think he is all right."

"And I think he is a first-class fraud," cried appleton.

"Naturally," said I. glancing out the doorway

"And I think he is a first-class that," creat Appleton.

"Naturally," said I. glancing out the doorway through which Westerfeldt and Miss Croker could be seen, leaning over the ship's rail. But Appleton took no notice of the remark. I felt disgusted with a man who could let a bit of pique at the success of a rival so embitter his tongue, and I got up to go.

up to go.
"Hold on a minute!" Appleton called after me

"Hold on a minute: Apparent caused after me.

There's no need for us to quarrel over the thing.
You can have your opinion, and I'll have mine.
That's fair, isn't it? We'll see which is right,
some day, perhaps."
I bowed, and took the hand he offered.
"You and Westerfeldt are room-mates, I believe? So he told me, but perhaps that's another
yarn."

lieve? So he told me, but perhaps that's another yarn."

"No, it is not. It is quite true."

"Pm glad to hear it. Would you mind telling me the number of your stateroom?"

"Not the least," I replied. "No. 124; just forward of the saloon, on the main deck."

"Thank you," he said, writing the number down on his wristband. "I may have occasion to come down and see you there."

Wondering what on earth he could mean, and still too much put out with him to ask, I went on deck and joined Westerfeldt, who had left Miss Croker. It was quite on the point of my tongue to tell him what Appleton had said, but on second thoughts I decided not to do so. It would only make a row, and do no good. I was quite satisfied that Appleton, in his jealousy of Westerfeldt had exaggerated greatly, if no more. Westerfeldt soon left me, to go and talk to another girl, and I went back to the smoking-room, but Appleton was gone. Just before the luncheon gong sounded. I went-down to the stateroom to wash my hands. The Albania's staterooms, I might mention, are fitted with two stationary wash-basins, side by side. Each immate of the room appropriates one The Albania's staterooms, I might mention, are fitted with two stationary wash-basins, side by side. Each immate of the room appropriates one of these, and sticks to it throughout the voyage. I turned on the tap of the tank above mine, and was waiting for the basin to fill, when I noticed a possible to give on paper, and exactly as large seal ring lying on the edge of Westerfeldt's basin. Whose could it be? I wondered. He But that was of small import compared with what

did not wear one—at least, not on his right hand, and it seemed too large to fit under a glove if he wore it on his left. I picked the ring up and examined it. It was a fine bloodstone, set in old red gold, and the stone was engraved with a monogram.

"Yes, it must be Westerfeldt's," I said to myself, "for these are his initials—A. W. They'd do for mine, too, for the matter of that."

Then, it seemed to flash through my brain that I had seen the ring before. No, it couldn't be. And yet, there was something about it that seemed strangely familiar. What was it?

"How tiresome that I cannot remember," I said aloud. "Ah. I have it!" Like a sudden gleam of light, it came back to me. "It is the seal on the fat man's parcel!"

My hands trembled with excitement. I unlocked my bag, in which I had put the parcel when I came aboard, and took the parcel out. Yes, I was right. The seal of the ring fitted the impression on the sealing wax exactly. I was astonished, thunderstruck.

"What can it all mean?" I cried. "Is the pernicious shadow and influence of the fat man with the thin face to follow me to the middle of the Atlantic ocean?"

In the midst of my bewildered ejaculations, Westerfeldt entered. As by sort of suddn inspiration, I slipped the ring into my pocket, and said nothing about it.

I thought Westerfeldt had a troubled look on his face.

"You seem flustered about something." he said, "Yes, it must be Westerfeldt's." I said to my

I thought Westerield had a counsel look on his face.

"You seem flustered about something." he said, in a rather uneasy voice. "What is it?"

By an effort of will I pulled myself together. I saw that I must dissemble, if only to satisfy myself as to him; and I felt somehow that it was my duty to myself to act guardedly, at last, after so many warning.

my duty to myself to act guardedly, at last, after so many warnings.

"Nothing," I said, as quietly as I could. "I'm not feeling quite right, that's all. It seems to be getting rough."

"Yes, the barometer's been dropping like a shot this last half hour. I expect we are going to catch it, now, we've got into 'the roaring forties.' Been washing your hands?"

"Yes. Why?" I answered, looking up at him suddenly.

His eyes fell.
"Oh, never mind. I thought of washing mine; but I reckon I won't. Some one has been using my basin."

"It wasn't me, I can assure you," I said. "I used my own. I thought you had been down here before me and used it yourself; because, when I came in I found—"

I stopped, and began brushing my hair.
"What?" he asked, quickly.
I didn't answer at once, but went on brushing.
"What? You found what?" he repeated, impatiently.

"Eh?" I turned round sharply, and looked him

patiently. "Eh?" I turned round sharply, and looked him

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at the door of the stateroom, "and get into your bunk as quick as you can. I guess this won't be much of a blow, after all, and you'll be able to come up to breakfast in the morning."

It was rather hard times having to lie there in my berth when I wasn't a bit ill. But I consoled myself with thinking what good might come of it, I couldn't exactly say how. I had formed no definite plan of operations to catch Westerfeldt. I just thought I would let events take their course, and follow any suggestions that might come into my head from time to time. In about an hour I got up, put on a large ulster which Westerfeldt had never seen me wear, turned the wide collar up about my face, and drew a travelling cap down over my eyes. Thus attired I made my way on deck. It was blowing a gale, and the life lines were stretched along the deck, No one seemed to be about except a sailor or two: but bright lights streamed through the windows of the smoking-room from which came loud shouts of laughter, which rose at short intervals above the swish of the spray and the howling of the wind in the rigging. Westerfeldt was in there, no doubt reagaing the assemblage of old "salts" like himself with one of his famous stories. Would I be safe in going in? Why not? He would not recognize me, and even if there should be a clew in my dress, he would never believe it possible I could be on my teet in such a storm. With much difficulty and clutching the life-lines, I staggered over the slippery deck, and, taking advantage of a propitious roll in the right direction, opened the door, another friendly launch sending me bang, into the middle of the room, where I brought up, somewhat bruised, against one of the standing tables. The room was nearly full, and, for the moment, my entrance put a stop to the hilarity. A glance showed me where Westerfeldt was, and finding a scat as far from him as I could, by chance next to Appleton, who didn't seem to know me from Adam, I sat down.

"Wal, now, if that ain't too cussed bad. Who'd a thought it in these h

"What's the matter with you? Nesterleads of course. He's telling one of his, Yankee stories. He can talk like a real 'down-Eastern,' can't he? Listen. But I guess you have stopped him with your anties."

"Oh, go on, go on!" sounded on all sides, while seowling glances were leveled at me for causing the interruption.

I looked over at Westerfeldt. He had stopped and was gazing intently at me. It was evident he suspected me. I fancied he recognized me. I saw I had made a great mistake in what I had done. Recovering my presence of mind, I joined with the others, and shouted as hard as I could in a graft voice not my own:

"Go on!" Go on!"

"I wilk, gentlemen, in a few minutes." said Westerfeldt, quite coolly, his eyes still fixed on me. "Just excuse me a minute. I find," looking at his watch quickly, and then back at me, "that I have missed an engagement with a young lady in the saloon. I just want to run down and applogize and explain. I won't be two seconds." He rose from his seat quickly and left the roem. I guessed what he was really up to, and followed him like a shot. As I gained the dark deek. I saw his dim figure hurry along the deck and the after companion-way below. With all the speed I could muster, I dashed over the slimy deck and ran down the forward stairway, which ended almost directly opposite our stateroom door. As I sprang into the door and into my berth. I heard Westerfeldt's footsteps coming along the passage as fast as the motion of the ship would permit. I had barely time to drag off my cap and draw the bed clothes up over me, ulster and all, when he was in the room. What admirable self-control the fellow had!

"How are you feeling, old chap?" he said, in the softest, quietest voice you could imagine. "No better, I'm afraid."

"Eh, What? Who—who's that?" I said, turning my head drowsily.

"It's me—Westerfeldt. I came down to see how you were."

"Oh, about the same, thanks. I've been having a nap."

how you were."
"Oh, about the same, thanks. I've been hav-

ing a nap."
"I'm awfully sorry I disturbed you, then.
It's the best thing you can do. It's blowing great guns upstairs, I can tell you. Well, I'll travel, and let you alone. Sure I can't get you

I had now to occupy my thoughts. And now I was alone, and had a chance to think. What could it all mean that was been dendless in their puzzles and the second endless in their fate was the voice of the fat man with the thin face. At least, so thought at the time. But, may it not larve as considerate? American talk alike, and the initiation of the speech of one oftentimes, as Westerfeld's had been, would easily be taken for that of any other. It was utterly impossible that Westerfeld's nould be the fat man to think thin face. At least the time that the face. At least the will be the fat man were all wanting. Then, his shoulders were broad, and his waist was as slender as many a woman's. In everything but he offer man as a man well could be. And yet, now that my mind was directed to it, his yets had in them at times an expression that recalled the that man it was that which made me think. I had seen him before. Whemember. But how for none sees just such resemblances every day, and thinks nothing of them. It is so easy to exaggerate the most trivial things into evidence when one is suspicious.

"I must be careful not to overestimate trifles," I said to myself. "I shall only go astray it I thought so, certainly, at the time. But was in not because I suspected him? He may not have recognized me at all, but have may be added to the standard of the contract of the standard of the contract of the standard of the contract of the standard of the st

lunch. You're not really sick, are you?" I hesitated a moment. "Oh, never mind about saying, if you don't want to. You don't look sick to me, and you know I'm a doctor." Still I didn't answer, thinking it might be some trap. "Well, it doesn't really make any difference with what I'm going to tell you. About half or three-quarters of an hour ago I happened to be in the First Officer's room. His room opens into the same passage as the ship's docter's does; in fact, both doors Iace each other, directly opposite. While I was sitting there waiting for the First Officer to come down from taking observations, so as to get a pointer from him for a bet on the day's run, who should come along the passage and go into the doctor's room but Westerfeldt. You know he talks pretty loud, and both doors being open, I couldn't help hearing what he said. 'My room-mate, Major Warde, is very ill,' he said to the doctor, 'and hasn't been able to sleep for three nights. You needn't trouble to come down and see him; but if you can give me a good strong sleeping draught for him, I shall be obliged to you, not only for his sake, but for my own, for he keeps me awake tumbling about and grunting. He says he is peculiar in one respect—very few narcotics affect him, unless they are made unusually strong.' If think I know about the proper thing to give you. Come in after luncheon, and I'll have it ready,' answered the doctor, and Westerfeldt took his departure. After he had got well away I slipped across into the doctor's room. The doctor—a smooth-faced boy from some country dispensary, on his first voyage—was filling a two-ounce vial out of a large bottle. 'I want a bit of sticking plaster, please,' I said, and sat down. He corked the vial, labelled it, did it up in paper, wrote 'Mr Westerfeldt' upon it, and put it down en his desk. 'What's that stuff 's said I, carelessly, while he looked in his drawer for the plaster. 'That? 'Oh, that's hydrate of chloral,' he said. 'Here you are Where do you want it?' 'Oh, it's not for myself, thank you,'

Even as I spoke, I heard Westerfeldt's familiar step coming along the passage. It was too late for Appleton to escape without being seen; so on the spur of the moment, he sprang across into the stateroom opposite, and shut the door.

"Well, old chap, here I am at last," Westerfeldt said, cheerily, as he came in. "I suppose you thought I had forgotten you. I'll give you now that wonderful stuff I was telling you about."

"Thanks, awfully," said I, in as weary and worn a voice as I could muster. "It's most kind of you to give yourself so much trouble on my account"

and then he would look over at me impatiently, and I could see him mutter to himself. After about ten minutes he looked at his watch. Then he called in a law tone:

"Major!" I did not answer.
"Major!" he repeated, in a much louder tone.
Still I made no reply; but just as I saw him
about to call again, I gave a very perceptible

about to call again, I gave a very perceptible snore.

"Ah!" he said, jumping up. "I was afraid that infernal doctor had made a mistake. And now, I must lose no time."

He took off his coat, and then went out into the passage and dragged the trunk which had been sent on board as mine into the room. That done, he shut the door and bolted it.

"I must get all this business arranged before he wakes up." he said to himself. "But I can give him the rest of the bottle to-night, if necessary. I guess he'll wonder he's no better when he wakes up, and I'll tell him it's the second dose that is the sure cure"; and he laughed.

"Scoundrel!" thought I; "you wouldn't laugh if you knew the trap you were in."

He sat down on the sofa, and, taking a bunch of keys from his pocket, found one and unlocked.

ing. He says he is peculiar in one respect—very few narcotics affect him, unless they are made un usually strong.' I think I know about the proper thing to give you. Come in after luncheon, and I'll have it ready,' answered the doctor, and Westerfeldt took his departure. After he had got well away I slipped across into the doctor's room. The doctor-a smooth-faced buy from some count at the control of the part of the control of a large bottle. I want a bit of steicing plaster, please,' I said, and said down. He corked the vial, labelled it, did it up in paper, wrote 'Mr Westerfeldt' upon it, and put it down on his desk. What's that stuff' said I, carelessly, while he looked in his drawer for the plaster. That? 'Oh, that's hydrate of chloral, he call. Here you are Where do you want it?' 'Oh, that's hydrate of chloral, he call. Here you are Where do you want it?' 'Oh, that so stone the coller in his drawer for the plaster. That? Oh, that's hydrate of chloral, he call. Here you are where do you want it?' 'Oh, that so stone the coller in his drawer for the plaster. That? Oh, that's hydrate of chloral, he call. Here you are where do you want it?' 'Oh, that so stone the coller in his drawer for the plaster. That a labell we have the collection of the potential of the draught, your yess and cars can be kept of the draught, your yess and cars can be kept of the draught, your yess and cars can be kept of the draught, your yess and cars can be kept of the draught, your yess and cars can be kept of the draught, your yess and cars can be kept of the draught, your yess and cars

removed what at first glance appeared to be as upper row of white false teeth, but which, as he seems to have a considerable to the material country and fastened to them at each side a rounder selection of the shape and the size of half a fairiest sized orange, but flatter, if anything. What this selection could be for I couldn't imagine, until I looked again at Westerfeldt, and then I saw at once. His full, rounded, plump cheeks of a moment ago were thin and hollow. His teeth, too, were the fat man with the thin face. In another few moments he had put the red wig over his own shallow from his bag, fastened on the red mustache and "goatee," and delicately darkesive wax which he took from his bag, fastened on the red mustache and "goatee," and delicately ixed in its place over his own small nose the turnup snub. I had heard of false mustaches and eyebrows being so closely put on as to deceive even people suspicious of the deception, but I never believed it possible that a false nose could be as successfully adjusted over the matural member until I saw Westerfeldt perform the operation. At the distance I was from him, not over three feet in the small stateroom, with the light, clear and good from the outside porthole, I could not discover the shadow of a joining of the edges, so closely did the wonderful wax hold them down. A few touches from a small box of colors, also taken from the valise, with the practised hand of an adept at the business, quickly changed his face in color, age and expression so thoroughly and completely that, had I not been a witness of the metamorphosis, I should not have been able to recognize who it was. I confess that, for the moment, I thought that I must be dreaming, or that one of the ship's crew had got into my room by mistake, so perfect was the disguise. He surveyed himself critically in the glass for some minutes, giving a touch here and there to his face, as he thought best.

"Yes, that'll do, I guess. They'll have some minutes, giving a touch here and there to his face, as he t

trouble to spot me in this rig, or I'm much mistaken."

Apparently satisfied, he proceeded to get back into himself again; and having removed the sailor's dress, wig, beard and nose, and donned his own attire all but his coat, he prepared to wash his face and hands. This necessitated the removal of the left-hand glove, which thus far had never been taken off before any one in the ship. There, sure enough, on the back of his hand, was the square red sear which I had seen and Appleton had seen on the hand of the fat man with the thin face. Were it possible that any further proof were necessary of the identity of the man, this was sufficient. His face cleansed to its former condition, he reinserted his teeth and "plumpers," dragged the trunk out into its place in the passage (having previously stuffed the sailor's and policeman's rigs into his valise), came back, put on his glove and coat and was starting to go when I turned over with a yawn and said;

"Hello."

He stopped like a shot, and turned as pale as a

as a complete history of my experiences in the train with the fat man.

"You don't seem surprised?" I said, after I had finished.

"Well, no. To say the truth, I'm not surprised," he replied candidly: "and I'll tell you why. Just as soon as I could, I got out of that room and went up to the smoking-room. I waited there an hour, and not seeing Westerfeldt-Westerfeldt, forsooth!—I came down to see if he had gone. No, he hadn't. He was fumbling about inside, and, while I was listening, he suddenly unboited the door. I jumped back into that room again, and glad I am that I did, for the next moment out he came, dragging that trunk outside, and his glove being off, why I saw that sear. See? I knew then he was the chap who boned side, and his glove being off, why I saw that sear. See? I knew then he was the chap who boned my ring at Chicago. But what you have told me is far more important, for it satisfies me that he is the party I've been after for some time: and if those bundles of papers in that trunk are what I believe them to be, I've got my man."

"But what on earth can those papers have to do with prosecuting him for the theft of your ring;" said I.

"I am not talking of my ring. That's a mere

ring?" said I.

"I am not talking of my ring. That's a mere bagatelle. What I refer to is altogether a different breed of pigs. You looked puzzled.
"I confess, I am puzzled."

ing. He says he is peculiar in one respect-very free superior in thing that may be are those mentions the process of the proce

else would they want all that Ink. which, of course, is intended to print the notes with abroad. It's a great pity."

"I wonder if it could be in the parcel?" I suggested.

"What parcel?"

"The one the fat man left with me in the train?"

"By jove! of course. I forgot all about that. Where is it?"

"Here," said I, "in my bag, where I've kept it safely locked up."

I got the parcel out and handed it to him. He quickly cut the cords and tore off the brown paper. As I had conjectured, it was a japanned tin box, with a lock.

"The plate is here beyond a doubt," said Appleton, confidently.

The box was locked, but his bunch of skeleton keys again came to the rescue, and in another moment the box was unlocked and lay open before us. A glance sufficed to show the sought-for plate was not there. But a far different sight from any we had expected met our astonished gaze. The box was fitted with the well-known clockwork appliances of the modern dynamitard, and fitted with detonators, and was, beyond question of a doubt, an infernal machine of the most approved pattern.

"Christopher Columbus!" shouted Appleton,

dynamite on board, let alone a good twenty-we pounds. Oh, no; we'll keep quiet for the present."

"But I thought you were after this man for counterfeiting," said I. "Why don't you charge him with it at once?"

"My dear friend, my authority as a United States officer isn't worth the paper it is written upon aboard a ship flying the British flag."

"Then he'll escape you, after all?" said I. "I call that confounded hard lines."

"Oh, no, he won't," replied Appleton, with a confident nod and wink. "Don't you fear about that. All that has been attended to by cable. The day before we sailed from New-York, the U. S. Secretary of State telegraphed to our Minister in London to arrange the necessary extradition business with the English Foreign Secretary so that, had I found my man when the ship reached Queenstown he could be handed over into my custody. But until we reach Queenstown, and receive there, as I expect, the empowering documents, I am powerless. It is now half-past 4, and we shall be in by 10 o'clock, I think, for the wind and sea heve gone down considerably. For the meantline we must trust 'Westerfeldt' as usual, and not let him ret

empowering documents, I am powerless. It is now half-past 4, and we shall be in by 10 o'clock, I think, for the wind and sea have gone down considerably. For the meantime we must trust 'Westerfeldt' as usual, and not let him get the faintest inkling that he is suspected."

"Fancy having to do that!" I exclaimed. "The vile miscreant! I don't believe I shall be ablo to look at him without showing my feelings."

"Oh, yes, you will, if you try," said Appleton. "Any other course weuld be for his benefit, remember that. Now what do you say? Suppose we go an and see the captain?"

We carefully replaced everything in the trunk, and put it, with tenderer handling than it ever before received, into its place in the passage.

"It's as safe there as anywhere," said Appleton. "It would be better in the ship's magazine, of course. But it would only make a row getting it down there, and it's safe where it is, so far, and the chances are it will be for a few hours longer. Anyhow, we can't do anything else."

I confess I didn't feel quite comfortable at the idea of all that dynamite lying out there, subject to any rough treatment, despite all that Appleton had said; but there was no help for it. Having put everything to rights in the stateroom, we went up to the captain's room, and laid the whole thing before him. He saw at once the folly of alarming the passengers, and entered without hesitation into Appleton's plans.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he said. "I'll just send down word to the chef engineer to put a few more tons of coal into the furnaces in the next few hours, and get us in an hour earlier. Is will be for the company's benefit, you see, to get that infernal stuff out of the ship as soon as possible; so they can't growl about it."

IV.

It was getting dark when we left the Captain's cabin, and Fastnet light was burning bright far astern on our port side. We walked aft along the deck to the smoking-room, and as we reached the door, Westerfeld came out. With the strongest effort I ever made in my life, I controlled the exclamation of righteous indignation, which rose to my lips, and aided by a vigorous pinch on my arm, from Appleton, replied to his questions. I couldn't look at him, however.

"I thought you said you were coming up here," he said, "and I've been waiting for you. What on earth have you been doing?" I expected he would have some such question, so I had thought of an answer.

"I've been writing some letters," I said, "to go ashore at Queenstown."

"Oh, indeed. You seem to have recovered, marvellously, I should say," he said, with a most sarcastic emphasis at the adverb. "I never knew that remedy act so rapidly and successfully before."

"Nor I." said Appleton, quietly: "at least, as

fore."
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"Nor I," said Appleton, quietly; "at least, as a cure for seasickness. Have a cigar?"

"I suppose Dr. Appleton has been prescribing for you," he sneeringly reterted, without noticing Appleton's offer, "and that, of course, accounts for your cure." There was an awkward silence for a moment. It was a mistake, I thought, to be bandying words with him if we meant to play out our game successfully. We might as well quarrel at once as let him get the faintest bit suspicious. So evidently thought Appleton; for the next moment he put up his hand familiarly on Westerfeldt's arm and said:

"Do you want to bet on the hour we get into Queenstown? Fill bet you two to one we don't get in till after midnight."

"I don't mind taking that bet," he replied.
"It's a safe one, for, from all I hear, we'll be there by ten o'clock. I don't really care about betting, though, for I shan't stay up to see. Strange to say, I'm not feeling very well. It's the land breezes, perhaps. At all events, I think I shall go down and turn in now. I suppose you won't be down for some time," he added, to me.